

Z



FUNNIES

10¢

NO. 9

HA-HA! ALADDIN,
WHO PUT SOAP
IN YOUR
MAGIC
LAMP?



IMAGINE ME..
A GREAT GENIE,
CAUGHT IN
A SOAP
BUBBLE!!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



FREDDY FROG

BELIEVE ME, A FROG'S GOT A TOUGH LIFE—
FULL OF TROUBLE, PIT-FALLS, STRIFE—
NO MATTER HOW SMART YOU ARE
IT DOESN'T PAY TO GLOAT—
YOU GOT TO WATCH YOUR STEP
OR WIND UP DOWN SOMEBODY'S
THROAT!



TOYTOWN FROLICS

BLOTO, THE OWNER OF TOYTOWN HAS JUST LEFT FOR THE DAY... HARDLY HAD HE GONE WHEN...



EVERYBODY CAME TO LIFE EXCEPT OF COURSE, RIP VAN WINKLE, WHO WAS ASLEEP AS USUAL...

(2)

I'VE LOST MY SHEEP AGAIN! ARE YOU SURE THAT ISN'T MINE, MARY?

NO, INDEED, BO-PEEP, THIS IS MY LAMB...



WHAT'S THE MATTER LITTLE GIRL?

IM SO-PEEP, AND IT'S THE USUAL STORY!

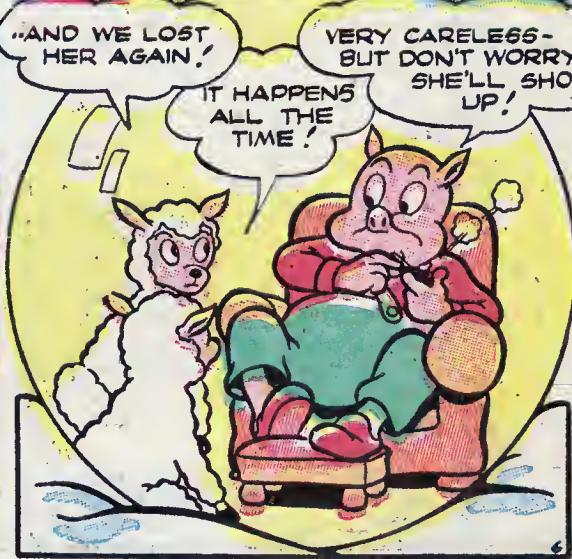
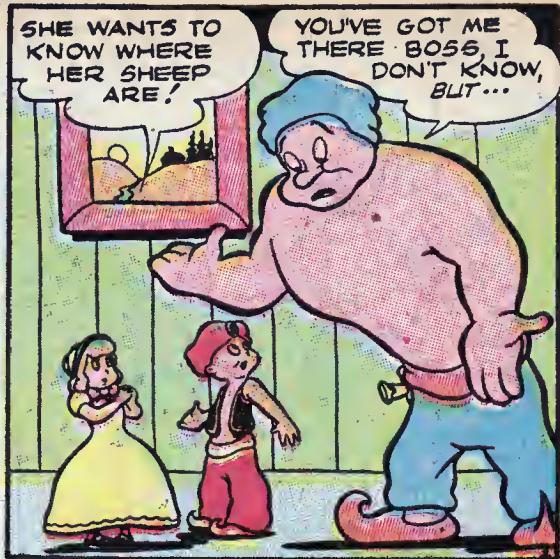


LOST 'EM AGAIN, HEY? ILL SOON FIX THAT OR MY NAME ISN'T ALADDIN!

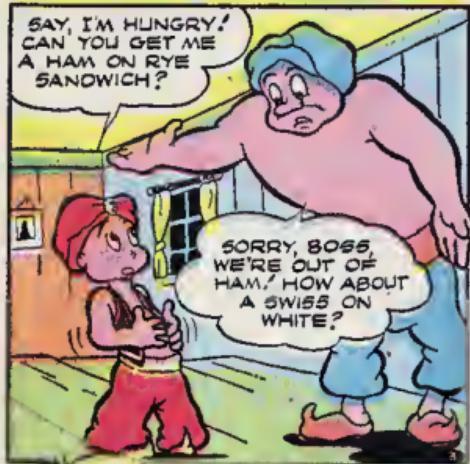


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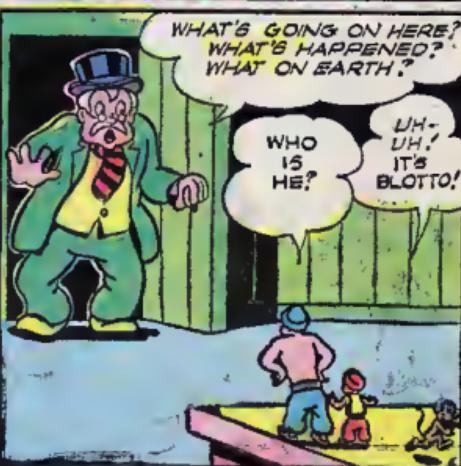
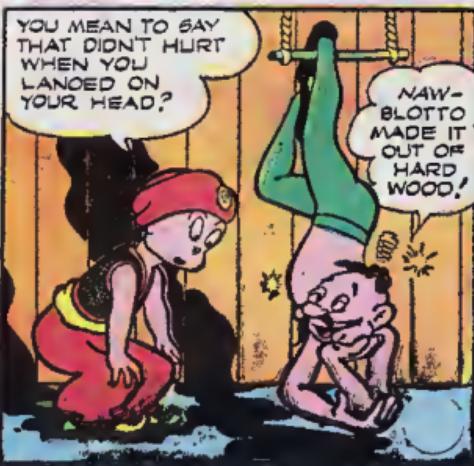
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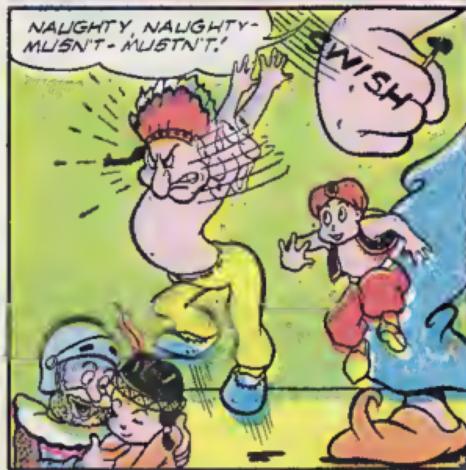
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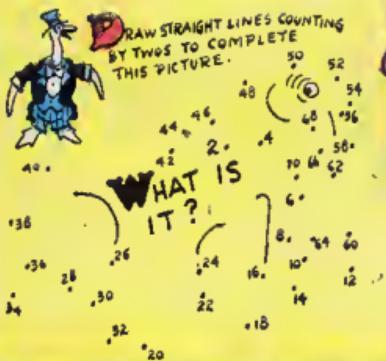


ZOO FUNNIES



MAGIC TRICKS

CAN YOU SPELL THREE ADDITIONAL ANIMALS BY CHANGING THE WORD SOW TO PIG IN SEVEN STEPS? CHANGE ONE LETTER TO FORM ANOTHER WORD IN MAKING EACH MOVE.



WHAT IS IT?

Spell at least 12 flowers



BY STARTING FROM CERTAIN LETTERS AND MOVING IN ANY DIRECTION TO THE NEXT ADJOINING LETTER, WE CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF TWELVE WELL KNOWN FLOWERS... WE SPelled "IRIS" FOR EXAMPLE, NOTE THE ARROWS. CAN YOU SPELL ELEVEN MORE?

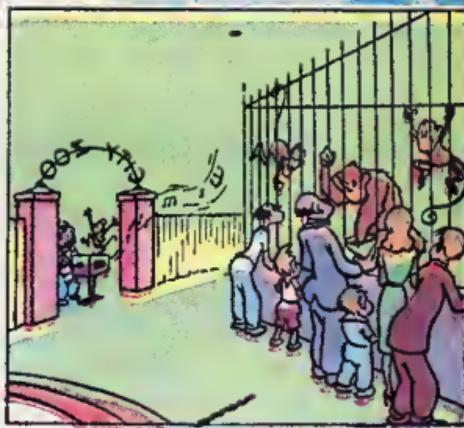
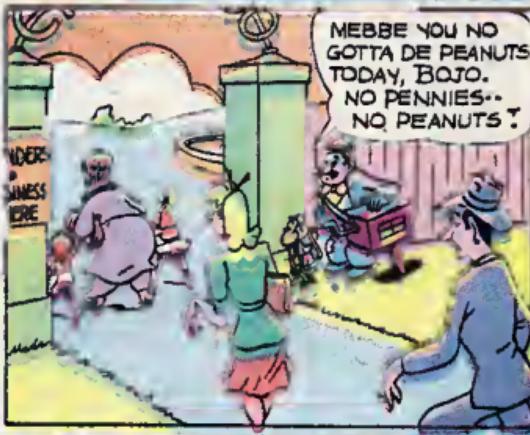
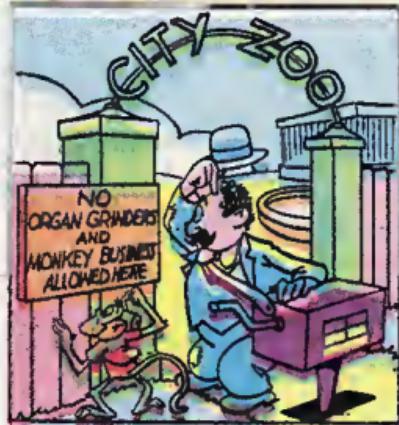
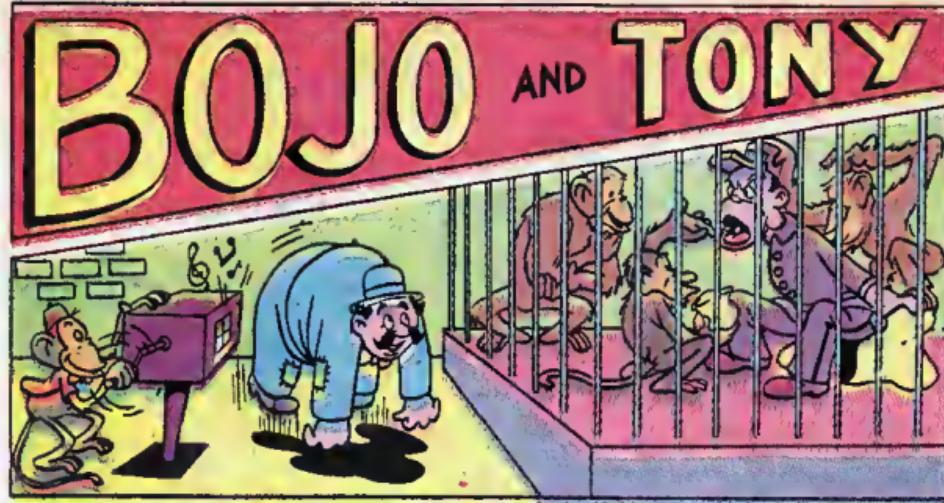


MRS. DUCK IS VERY ANGRY BECAUSE HER HUSBAND IS NOT HERE TO MEET HER. MR. DUCK IS REALLY HERE BUT HE'S HIDING FROM HIS NEARSIGHTED WIFE. CAN YOU LOCATE HIM?



EACH OF THE SIX PICTURED OBJECTS MAY BE DESCRIBED BY A WORD OF SIX LETTERS... WHEN RIGHTLY GUESSED AND WRITTEN ONE BELOW THE OTHER IN THE PROPER ORDER, THE LETTERS READING DOWNWARD, DIAGONALLY TO THE RIGHT, WILL SPELL A LARGE SOUTHERN CITY.





ZOO FUNNIES

HEY, CAN'T YOU READ?
SCRAM AND DON'T LET
ME CATCH YOU
DISTURBING THE
ANIMALS WITH THAT
NOISE!

NO
ORGAN GRINDERS
AND
MONKEY BUSINESS
ALLOWED HERE

BOJO, DATA MAN, HE NO
LIKE TO BE HAPPY. MEBBE
DE KEEDS WILLA HEAR US
FROM HERE AND WILLA
COME OUTASIDE.

HEY, BOJO, COME
ONA DOWN HERE.
DAT MONKEY-FACE
MAN WILLA SEE
YOU!

HEY, BOJO, DONA MAKE-A WID
DE MONKEY BIZNESS.
COME-ON BACK
HERE!

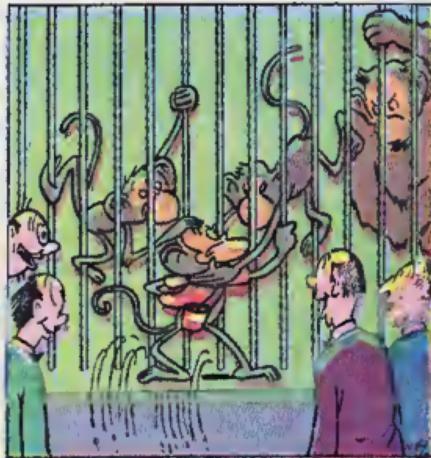
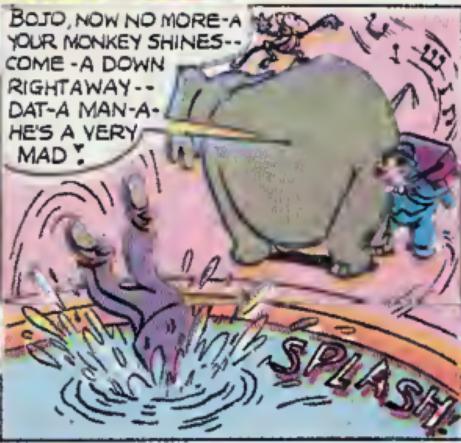
HEY, BOJO, WHERE
ARE-A YOU?
COME BACK
TO PAPA!

NO
ORGAN GRINDERS
AND
MONKEY BUSINESS
ALLOWED HERE

ZOO FUNNIES



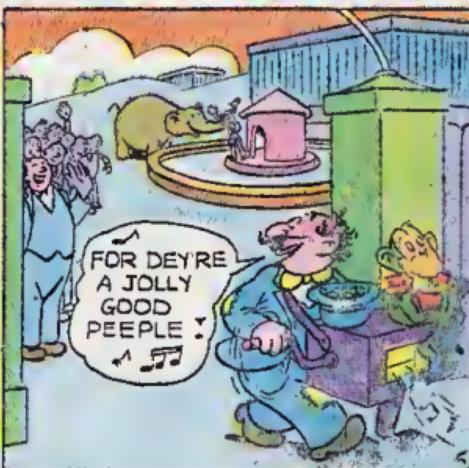
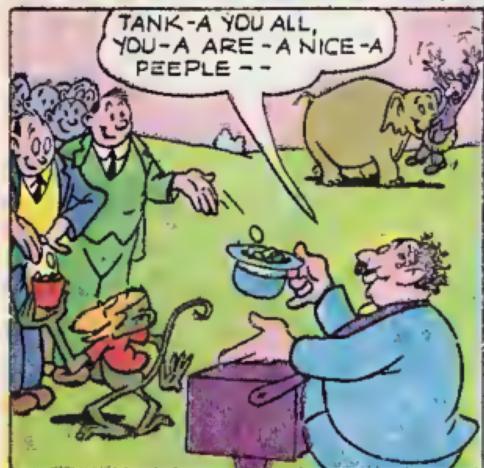
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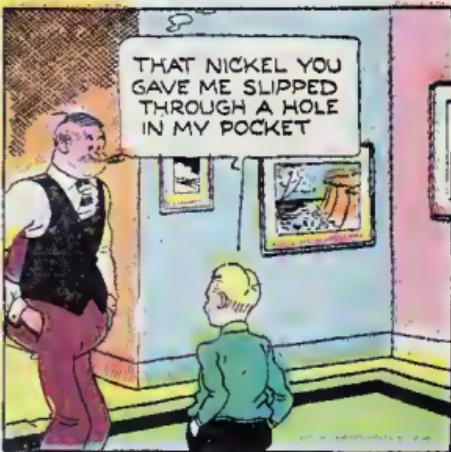
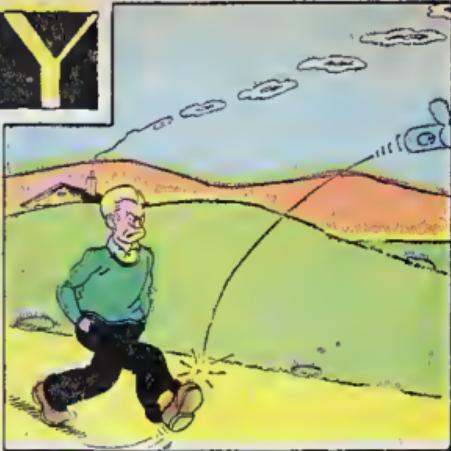
ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES



SMARTY



DETECTO THE BLOODHOUND

IN

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MUMMIES

ELEMENTARY DEDUCTION,
MY DEAR BILLY, WE ARE
ON THE TRAIL OF THREE
DANGEROUS CRIMINALS...

DETECTO IS FACE TO FACE
WITH THE MYSTERY OF ANCIENT
EGYPT--THE OLD EGYPTIAN
SPHINX IS ASKING THE \$64.
QUESTION.

DETECTO, THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE AND FAITHFUL
BILLY LONGNECK ARE TAKING A MORNING WALK AND
ARE ATTRACTED BY THIS NOBLE BIT OF ARCHITECTURE.

AH--A WONDERFUL
PLACE TO SPEND
A NUMBER
OF
HOURS.



ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAVEN'T
GOT A NICKEL TO SPEND
ANY OTHER PLACE.

HELP! HELP! I'VE
BEEN ROBBED AGAIN!

I WILL VENTURE
A VERY SIMPLE
DEDUCTION--
THIS MAN
HAS BEEN
ROBBED.



ZOO FUNNIES

ANOTHER MUMMY HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM MY MUSEUM. I MUST CALL THE POLICE --- ?

FIDDLE FADDLE TO THE POLICE. I, THE GREAT DETECTO WILL SOLVE YOUR CASE. LEAD ON!

THIS IS OUR VERY LAST MUMMY. IT MUST BE PROTECTED AT ALL COSTS.

WE WILL SEND YOU A BILL...

BRING US OUR BREAKFAST. WE CANNOT WORK ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.



HURRY! WHILE YOU EAT, THE THIEVES ARE HATCHING PLANS.

ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE, PLEASE. IT'S A DARING THIEF WHO WOULD CROSS DETECTO'S PATH !

IT'S A DARING PIECE OF HAM THAT WOULD CROSS HIS PLATE !



WHAT DIRTY SKULLDUGGERY GOES ON BEHIND DETECTO'S BACK ? IS THE VILLAIN GOING TO WIN ?

THE THIEF IS STEALING THE LAST MUMMY BEHIND THE BACKS OF THOSE DUMMIES !



HA ! ALL EVIDENCE POINTS TO ONE CONCLUSION . . . THE LAST MUMMY IS BEING STOLEN !

AMAZING DEDUCTION !

CATCH ME IM FAINTING



LET ME HELP TO CATCH THE THIEF --- I MIGHT SAVE YOU LOTS OF GRIEF.

GO AWAY, KID. YOU BOTHER ME.

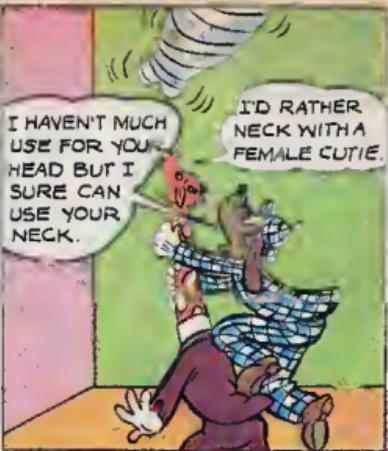
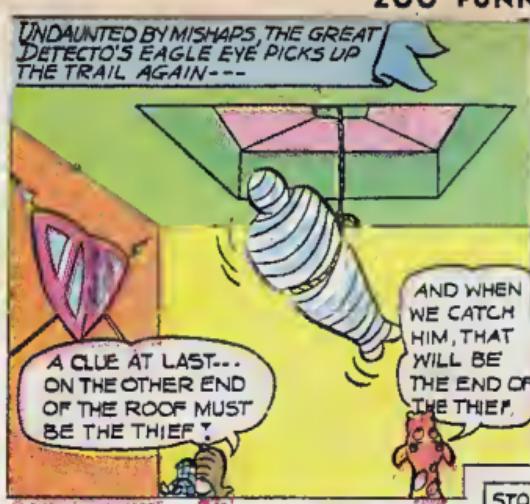


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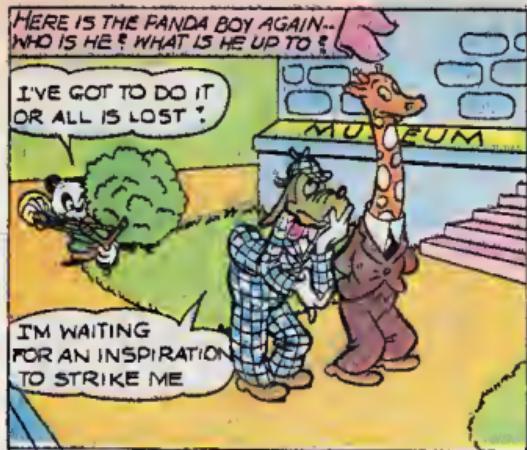


ZOO FUNNIES

UNDAUNTED BY MISHAPS, THE GREAT DETECTO'S EAGLE EYE PICKS UP THE TRAIL AGAIN--



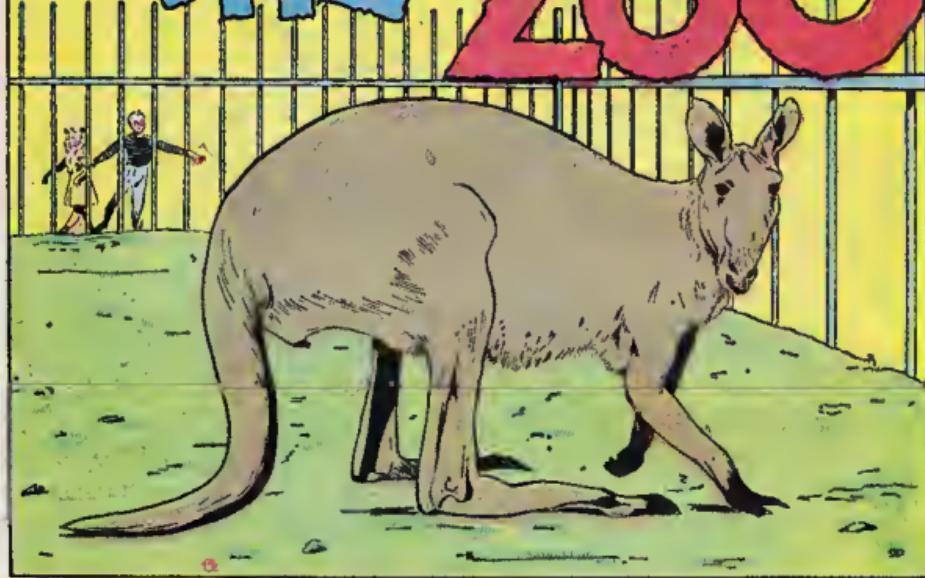
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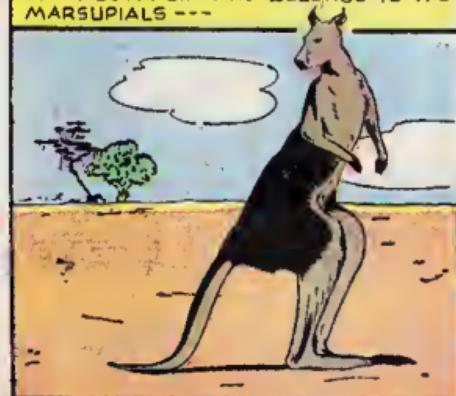
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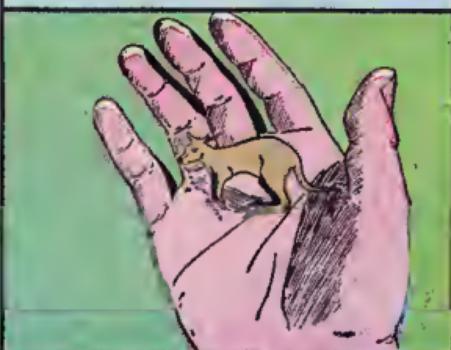
A VISIT TO THE ZOO



THE KANGAROO HAILS FROM FAR OFF AUSTRALIA AND BELONGS TO THE MARSUPIALS ---



ALTHOUGH THE RED KANGAROO, WHEN FULLY GROWN, MEASURES UP TO 8 FEET IN HEIGHT, THE NEWLY BORN ARE BUT FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES LONG AND HAIRLESS



ZOO FUNNIES

THE INFANT MAKES HIS WAY UN-AIDED INTO THE MOTHER'S POUCH WHERE IT REMAINS UNTIL BIG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO LEAVE ---



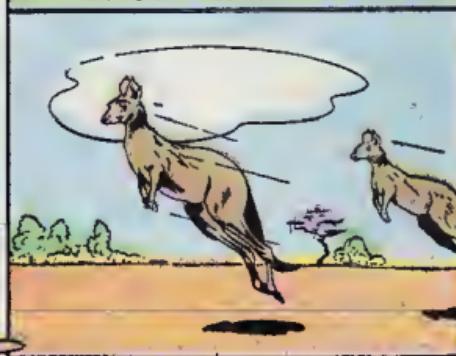
FOR MONTHS, HOWEVER, IT WILL STAY OUT ONLY A SHORT TIME, JUMPING BACK INTO THE POUCH TO FEED, SLEEP OR AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER ---



THE KANGAROO USES HIS HEAVY, STRONG TAIL AS A MEANS OF BALANCE WHEN SITTING ---



WITH HIS LONG AND POWERFUL LEGS THE KANGAROO MOVES IN A SERIES OF 8 TO 10 FEET JUMPS, BUT WHEN FRIGHTENED CAN JUMP 20 FEET OR MORE ---

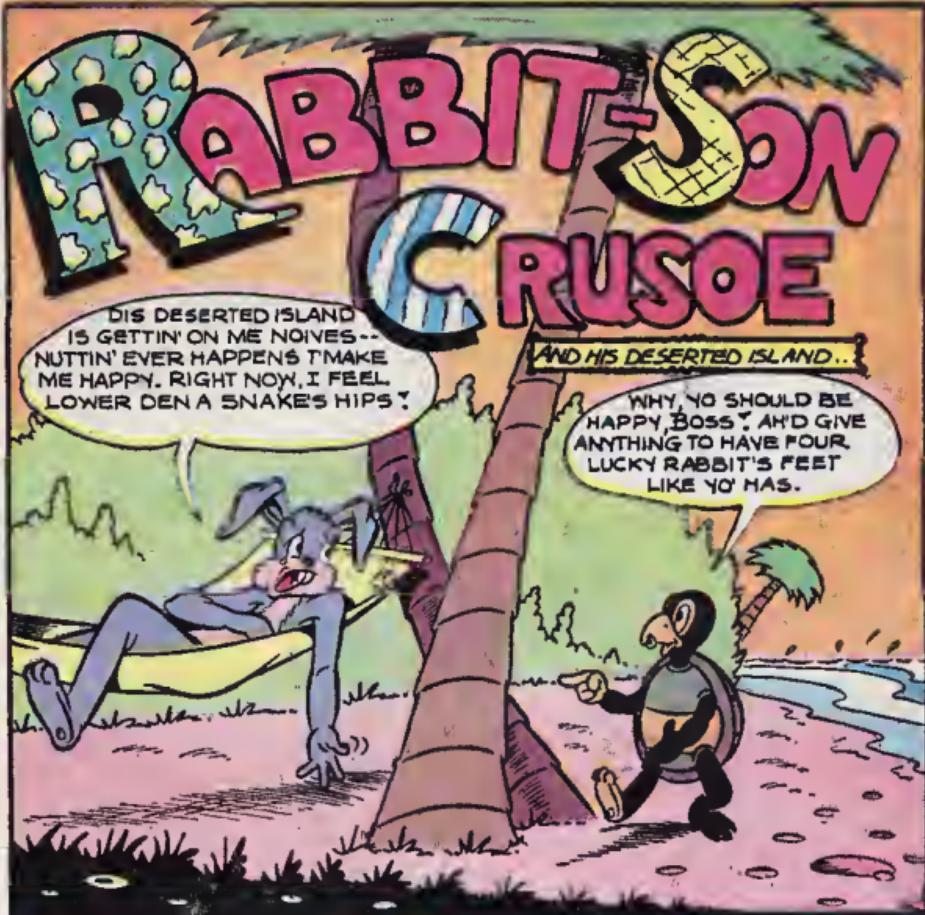


IT CAN OUTDISTANCE THE FLEETEST DOG AND KEEP UP THE KILLING PACE! AN OBSTACLE 8 FEET HIGH MEANS NOTHING TO THIS MASTER JUMPER---

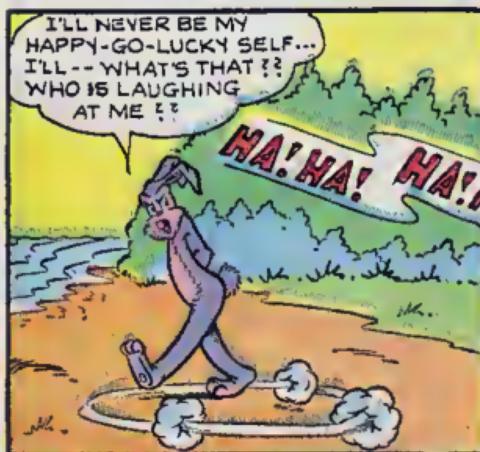
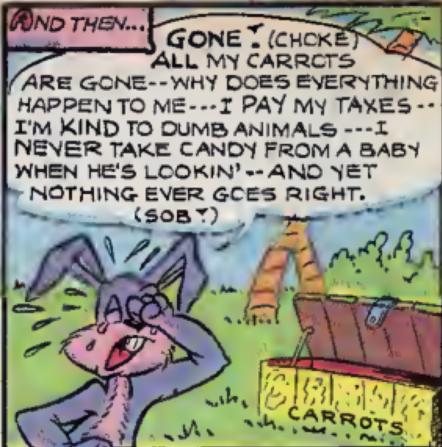
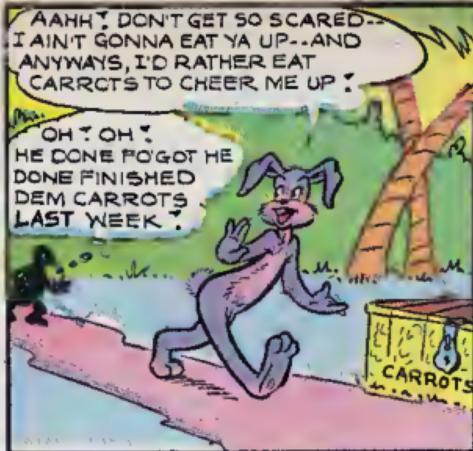


THIS EXTREMELY CURIOUS, USUALLY TIMID VEGETARIAN, WHEN CORNERED BECOMES A DANGEROUS ADVERSARY. THE KANGAROO BOXES SKILLFULLY, AND WITH HIS POWERFUL HIND LEGS AND CLAWS CAN RIP UP MAN OR DOG AT A SINGLE STROKE !





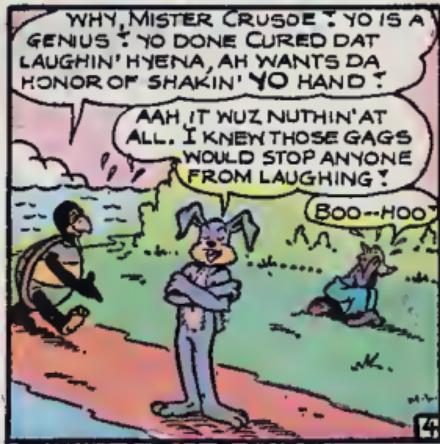
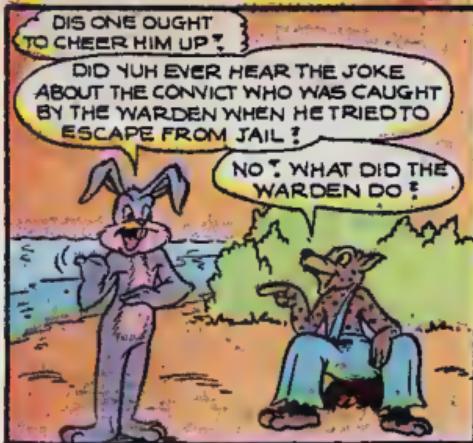
ZOO FUNNIES



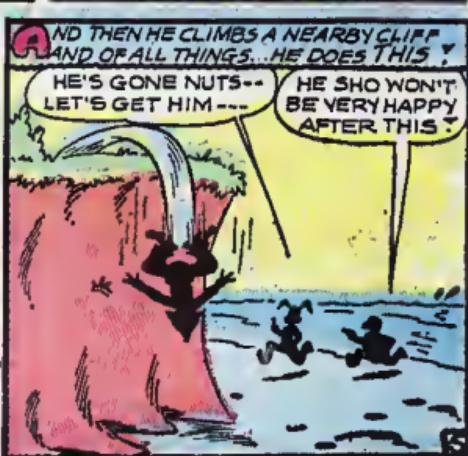
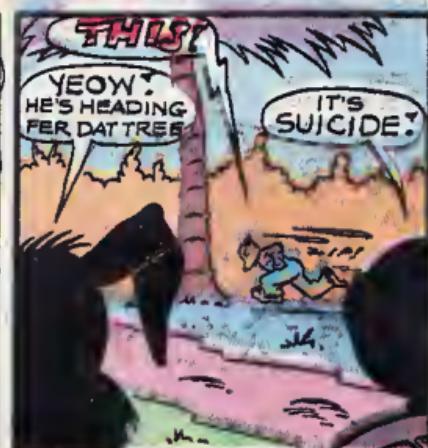
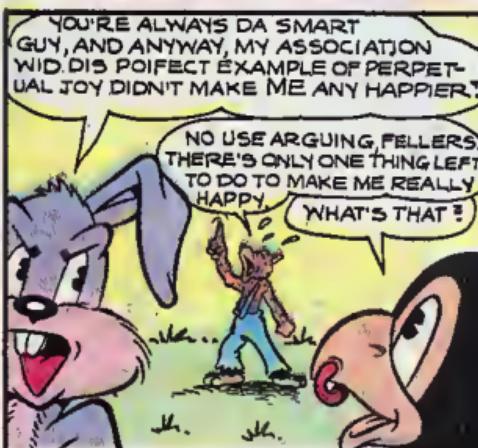
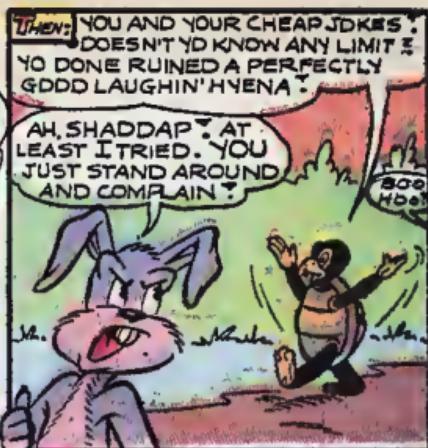
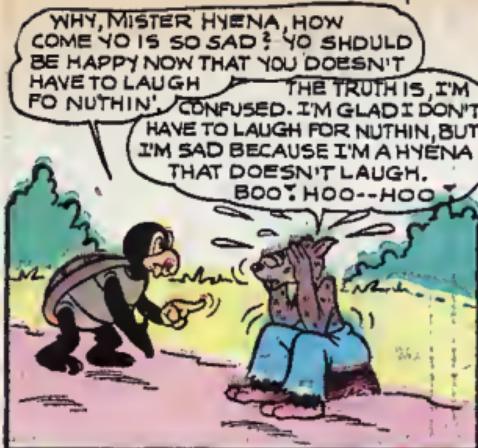
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ZOO FUNNIES

CRUSOE AND FRIDAY APPROACH THE HYENA, EXPECTING THE WORST... INSTEAD...

LOOK... HE'S STILL ALIVE-- NOW, AH SEEN AND WHAT'S MORE, I THINK HE'S LAUGHING! AM DALIMIT!

SURE I'M

LAUGHING... NOW I'M THE HAPPIEST GUY IN THE WORLD-- HAT-HAT-HAT

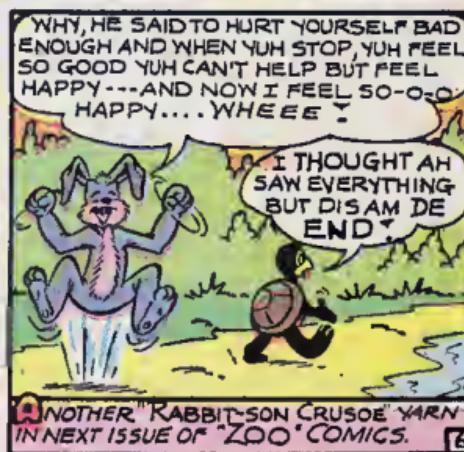
SO LONG, FELLERS, THANKS VERY MUCH FOR YOUR HELP, BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE'S

WAIT?

ONLY ONE WAY TO BE HAPPY. IF YOU'RE SO HAPPY, MAYBE

HAY-HAY

YOU CAN HELP ME YAH



ANOTHER "RABBIT-SON CRUSOE" YARN
IN NEXT ISSUE OF "ZOO" COMICS.

The "High Toned" Frog

Hippity Hop was an unhappy frog. In his high pitched voice he croaked his thoughts out loud:

"I'm very active and agile
But my voice is quite fragile.
It is unpleasant to the ears,
And brings me nothing but jeers."

Just then the fun-loving Jack Rabbit stuck his big ears from behind a tree. "What are you croaking about now?" he asked.

"I'm the only frog in the whole wide world with a soprano voice," Hippity lamented sadly.

"So what!" Jack Rabbit teased. "You probably just don't have a frog in your throat."

"But I must have a deep frog-like voice," Hippity said glumly. "I want to sing in the annual frog frolics."

"You mean, you want to be a crooner?" Jack Rabbit mimicked the frog's voice.

"Any ideas?" Hippity continued.

"Certainly," the Rabbit laughed. "Just sleep in a stable some night and you'll be a little hoarse in the morning."

"But I don't want to be a horse," Hippity answered seriously.

"That's merely a pun, Son," the rabbit teased.

"Please be serious," the frog begged. "I've got to change my voice."

"Okay, Hippity," the rabbit answered. "Here is my advice. Go swimming in ice cold water and catch a good cold. That should change your voice."

"For good?" the frog wanted to know.

"For good or bad, it will change your voice," the rabbit answered slyly.

"Wait a minute," Hippity pointed out. "I've spent half my life in water and never got a cold."

"Did you ever swim in the mystic pool?" Jack demanded.

"No, I never did," Hippity agreed. "They say that no one can swim in that pool and ever be the same again."

"You wanted a change. Remember?" Jack laughed as he hopped away.

Hippity sat alone for awhile, deep in thought. Suddenly he made his decision and

started off toward the pool singing a gay song:

"Into the mystic pool I'm diving,
For a baritone voice I'm striving
If I want them to swoon,
Then I must learn to croon."

Arriving at the pool, Hippity looked down into the water and quivered, but not in happiness. "Am I man or mouse?" he thought. Being neither, he hopped in like a frog.

He gasped for breath as he came up from under the water. He was ready to give up. The icy water was much too cold, but remembering his purpose, he ducked under time and again. He tried his voice. It sounded more like a regular frog. He ducked under the water again and tried his voice again. It sounded good to his ears. He started to sing:

"This water is as cold as ice,
It certainly doesn't feel very nice,
But if I want a husky voice,
I guess I have no other choice."

After a few more duckings, the elated frog jumped back safely to shore. Every now and then on his way home, he tried out his newly acquired voice. It was definitely baritone. "I might go far," he jubilated. "Eing Crody has done pretty well."

The frog frolickers were amazed and pleased when Hippity strutted his stuff. The choir master listened to a few notes and said: "Okay, Hippity, you're in. The glee club practices at eight." Hippity was so happy he couldn't eat his evening meal. He sat around humming to himself.

At last, the time came and the frog rehearsal was on. Hippity was in rare voice as he joined in with the gang as they sang their famous drinking song:

"One swallow doesn't make a summer, but one frog can make a spring."

HIPPITY HOPPED

When the second chorus came, Hippity was ready for his solo. But to his disgust and the other's amazement, his words came shrilling out in his usual high toned soprano voice. There was a sudden stillness in the night that even a frog could understand.

ZOO FUNNIES

Hippity hopped away. He was a failure. Gone was his chance to be a crooner. Worse yet, he was once again the only frog in the world with a high toned voice.

He hopped unhappily through the woods. He had neither rhyme nor reason this time. He plunged blindly on. He felt that he could never face another frog as long as he lived. He wished he could crawl in a hole and pull it in after him. And then quicker than he could say it, he found the ground falling from under him and he went tumbling down into a deep hole, finally to land into a shallow pool of water at the bottom.

He tried to hop out, but time after time, he fell back into the water. He felt lost. This was worse than being in the mystic pool. He raised his voice: "Help! Help!" No answer. He tried again and again. Still no answer. "This is it," he sobbed aloud and made up his mind to die bravely. "Every frog has to croak some time," he reasoned, but nevertheless he hollered again.

By now he had rightly figured out that he had fallen into an old abandoned well. Then he thought of a smart idea. "If I could drink all this water up, maybe I could sit it out on the bottom until daylight came." He started in to drink. At first it tasted good for his throat was parched, but at last his stomach was filled and he was still sitting in water. "This will never do," he gurgled. "Now I'm water-soaked inside and out." He tried another leap but he was so full of water he couldn't budge.

He became panicky and cried out for help as loud as he could. He heard a noise overhead and to his great relief the voice of his friend Jack Rabbit floated down the hole.

"Is that you, Hippity?" the rabbit wanted to know.

"Yes," shrilled Hippity. "Get me out of here."

"Feeling kind of low down, no doubt," the fun-loving rabbit quipped.

"I'm cold and wet," the frog croaked. "How about lowering the old oaken bucket and pulling me out of here."

"Okay, you asked for it," Jack shouted, as he started to unwind the rope, and Hippity could hear the bucket dropping down the well. It finally splashed into the water. Hippity hunched back against the wall.

"Hop in," Jack Rabbit ordered. Hippity

hopped in. His spirits rose as he sang out:

"I'm bloated, wet and soggy,
A tired and unhappy froggy,
Heave ho and pull the rope
I'm earth bound, I truly hope."

"You're definitely not a poet," Jack Rabbit chided as he started to wind up the bucket.

The bucket squeaked and groaned with the years, but Hippity didn't mind. He felt like a sailor lost at sea with land in sight. But his dreams were suddenly shattered as the rope broke and the bucket sailed down the well landing with a loud splash.

"What happened?" Hippity groaned.

"The old oaken bucket isn't what it used to be," Jack Rabbit shouted down the well. "Never mind," he added consolingly. "I'll dig a tunnel down to you."

The rabbit started to dig and Hippity sat glumly in the bucket. It was daylight when he noticed the dirt falling from the wall over his head. At last a hole appeared and Jack Rabbit's grinning face came through.

"Hippity Hop, I presume?" he quipped.

"You know who it is," Hippity answered wearily.

"Hop up here and follow me," Jack Rabbit ordered. Hippity "took off" from the bucket, landed in the hole and then hopped on through a dark and winding tunnel until at last he found himself back again on the good earth. He looked around. It was wonderful just to be alive.

"How can I ever thank you, Jack Rabbit," he thrilled, as his soprano voice hit a new high note of sheer gladness. For the first time in his life, Jack Rabbit looked very serious.

"Hippity," he warned solemnly. "I never want to ever hear you complain again about your high toned voice. If it hadn't sounded so funny—I never would have heard your call for help."

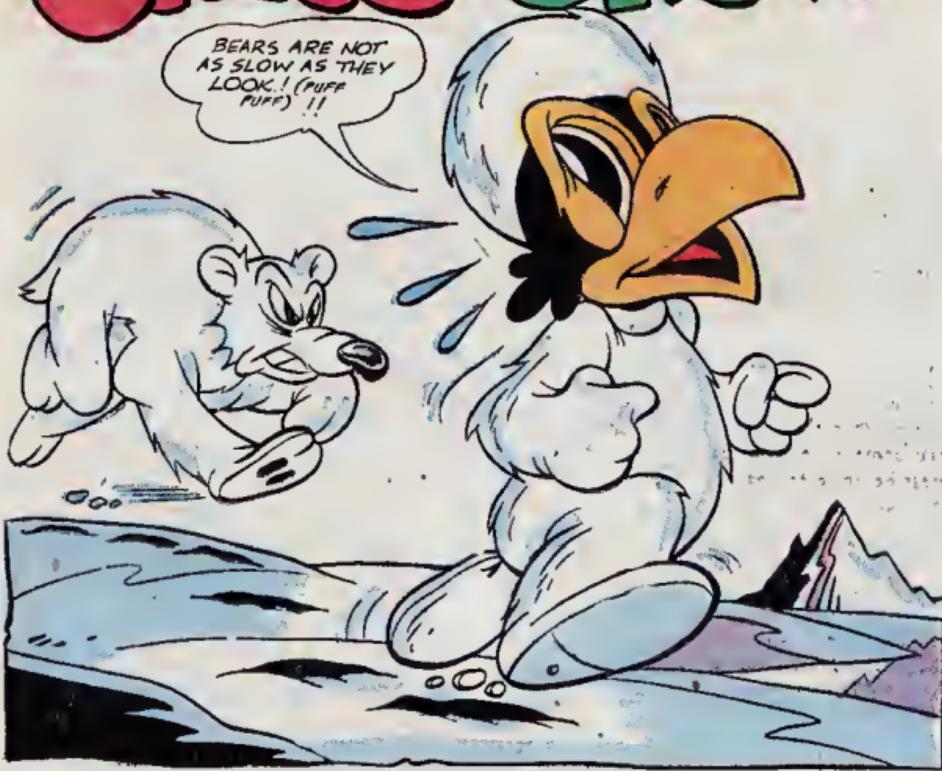
"I'll never complain again," Hippity promised.

As he hopped toward home, his high toned voice sang out in merry tune:

"I'm as happy as can be,
My voice no longer worries me,
High or low, sweet or flat,
Nature knows best—that's that!"

THE END

CHICO CROW



ZOO FUNNIES

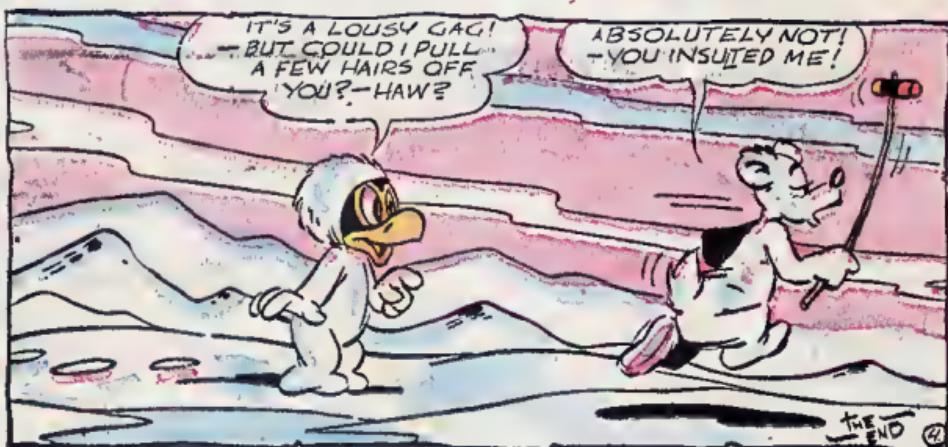
I'VE STILL GOT A
PLANE LEFT SO
I'LL FLY SOUTH TO
GET A POLAR BEAR
HAIR!



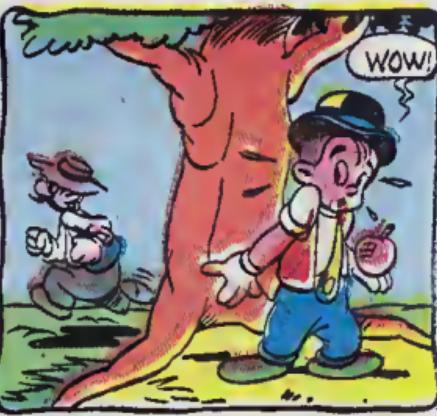
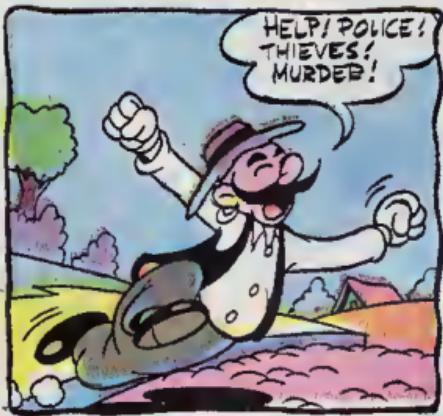
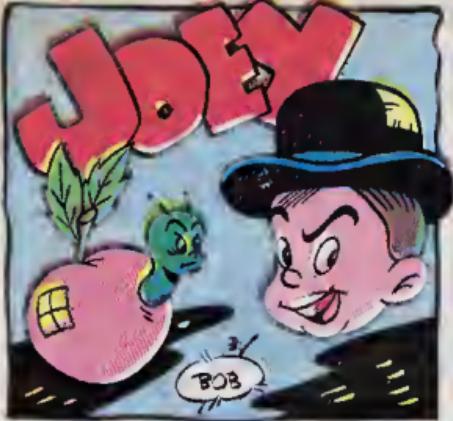
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UNUSUAL ANIMALS

THE BEST KNOWN OF MY SPECIES CAN BE FOUND IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA. ONE OF MY CLOSE RELATIVES IS THIS WEIRD-LOOKING THREE-HORNED CREATURE WHOSE ODD APPEARANCE RECALLS THE GIANT ARMORED LIZARDS OF MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO ---



I LIVE IN TREES, HAVE A PREHENSILE TAIL AND MY CLOVEN FEET ARE IDEALLY SUITED FOR GRASPING BRANCHES ---



I AM EXTREMELY SLOW IN MY MOVEMENTS AND SO PATIENT I AM OFTEN CALLED 'THE JOB OF NATURE' ---



MY BALL-LIKE EYES HAVE SINGLE, CIRCULAR LIDS. I AM ABLE TO MOVE THEM IN ANY DIRECTION INDEPENDENTLY!



ZOO FUNNIES

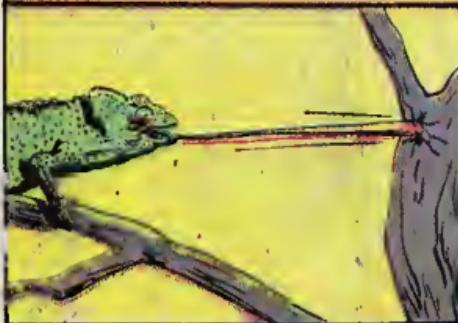
ALTHOUGH I SEEM TO BE A LIFE-LESS, WITHERED LOOKING CREATURE I AM CONSTANTLY ON THE ALERT FOR A LIKELY MEAL ---



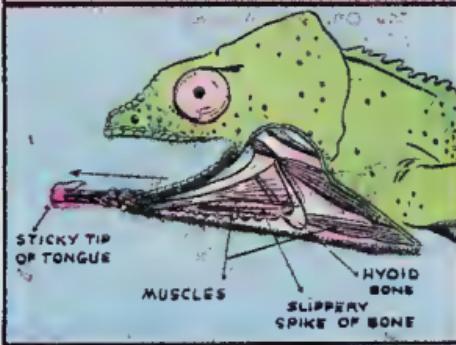
OFTEN MY PREY SEEKS TO BE TOO FAR AWAY FOR MY SLUGGISH BODY, I NEVERTHELESS POSSESS A POTENT WEAPON WHICH I CAN AIM WITH UN-CANNY ACCURACY ---



THIS WEAPON IS MY TONGUE! THE MOST AMAZING IN NATURE! ALTHOUGH I AVERAGE ABOUT 9 INCHES IN LENGTH I CAN "SHOOT" AN INSECT 15 INCHES AWAY!



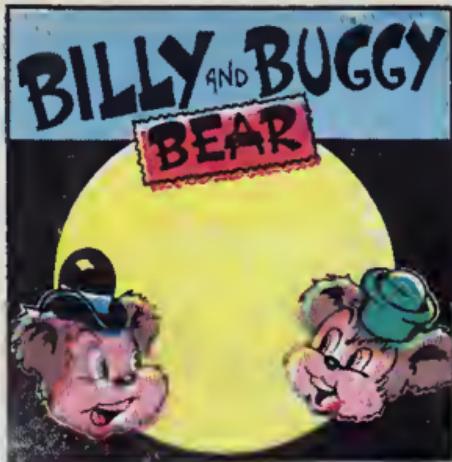
THE MECHANISM OF MY UNIQUE WEAPON, WHICH ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, RESEMBLES A GUN ON A CARRIAGE ---



I AM A TRUE LIZARD AND DESPITE MY TOUGH, LEATHERLY, ANCIENT-LOOKING SKIN I CAN CHANGE COLOR AT WILL TO BLEND WITH MY SURROUNDINGS!

WHO AM I?





ZOO FUNNIES



RED REYNARD

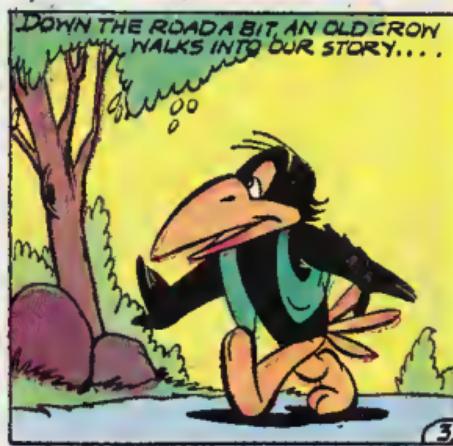
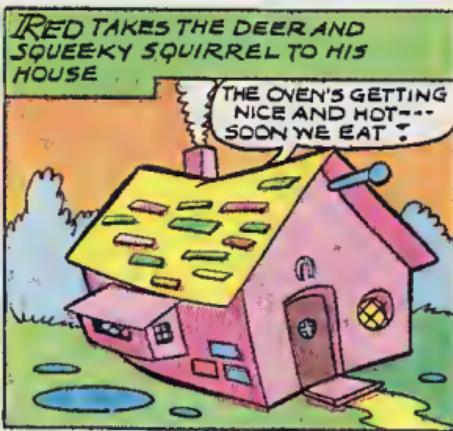
EVERY DAY THE SQUIRRELS COME BY HERE ON THEIR SCOOTERS! TODAY I'LL WAIT HERE AND GET ONE!



ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES



ZOO FUNNIES



INDIAN TALES

TELL ME, OH CHIEF,
WHY DOES BIG BEAR ALWAYS
GO TO SLEEP IN AUTUMN AND
WAKE UP IN SPRING?

UGH! LONG TIME AGO,
BEARS NOT SLEEP IN
WINTER TIME---BUT ONE
DAY MANY MOONS AGO---



ONE BIG
BEAR GO FOR RUN
THRU HAPPY HUNTING
GROUNDS WHEN HE MET A
SMALL BUT TOUGH TURTLE

HEY! WHERE
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE
GOIN'? YOU DON'T
BELONG HERE!

HUH?

THAT'S RIGHT!
AND JUST WAIT UNTIL MY
CHIEF SEES YUH---HE'LL
FIX YUH GOOD!

HMM--IS THAT
SO? SUPPOSE YOU TAKE
ME TO YOUR SO-
CALLED BIG
CHIEF?

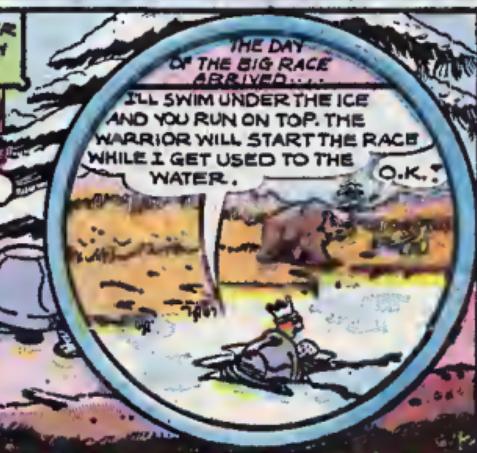
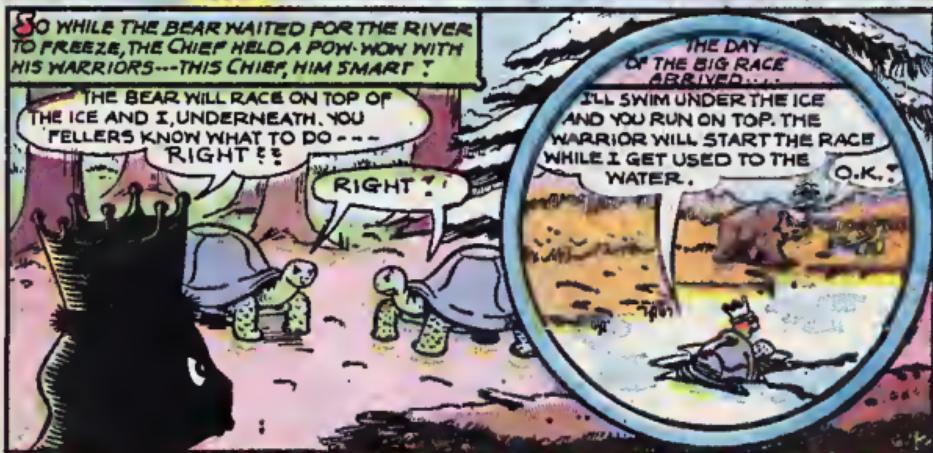


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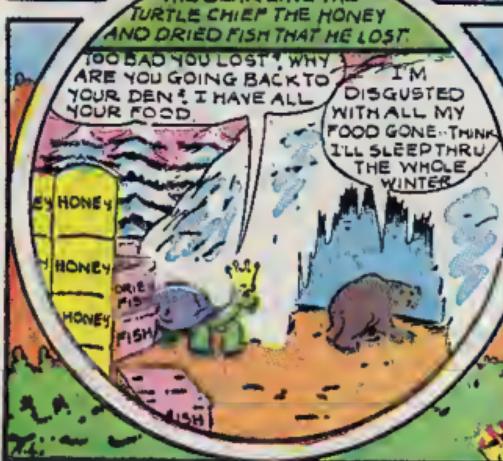


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NOTIFY TH' POLICE—AN'
QUICK! BOY! AM I GLAD I'VE
GOT A SCHWINN BIKE, SO I
CAN TEAR ALONG.



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FOR SAVING THE BANK WITH
YOUR FAST THINKING, SPEEDY

YOU MEAN FAST
RIDING, SIR—I GIVE
ALL TH' CREDIT
TO MY SCHWINN
BIKE.



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